



ECHOES  
FROM THE  
RAINBOW CITY

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C. J. SELBY





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WORLD'S • FAIR • COLLECTION

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Butterworth

1901







CLARENCE J. SELBY

# Echoes

## From the Rainbow City

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BY

CLARENCE J. SELBY

( Blind Deaf Mute )

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With introductory matter by Helen Sherry, Rt. Rev.  
Bishop Muldoon, Judge Geo. A. Lewis  
and others

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Published by

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## PUBLISHERS PREFACE

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In meeting this author we at once recognize a gem of christian purity with a wealth of poetic genius and intellectual ability. In presenting this literary work we realize that the public will be pleased to find the author kindly presented by the eminent persons who are his personal friends and who have written the introductory matter as a guarantee of authenticity. With the assistance of such persons as these we concluded to place the book before the public, believing that it will inspire many thousands to appreciate their own superior gifts, thereby serving the double purpose of benefiting the author, while being an inspiration to the public.

Aside from the introductory statements all the matter of this book is written by the author who uses his own pin-point type, one page sample of which is found in this book. Assuring the public that the value of this book is enhanced by the unique character of its origin, we are,

Very truly,

THE PUBLISHERS.

## INTRODUCTORY

---

" I live in an ideal world all my own,  
No mortal can share it with me;  
Its mysteries to all will be ever unknown,  
No eye its rare beauties can see.

My sky is the loveliest and brightest of blue,  
Its clouds are so misty and white;  
The sun ever shines in my ideal world,  
And unknown is the darkness of night.

In my ideal world bright flowers ever bloom,  
And the leaves of my trees never fade,  
And birds of bright plumage make for them a home,  
And sing in each flowery glade.

In my ideal world the landscapes are fair,  
There are valleys and mountains and hills;  
Bright rivers and streamlets glide peacefully on,  
And brooklets with murmuring rills.

In my ideal world bright forms, too, I see  
With faces exquisitely fair,  
For happy and peaceful they ever can be,  
Unknown is all sorrow and care.

In my ideal world all musical sounds  
Are purest and clearest in tone;  
In silvery sweetness the harmonies blend,  
No discord there ever is known.

Oh, my Ideal World! Words but faintly describe  
Thy beauteous scenes that I see;  
All praise to my Father, the Great, the Supreme,  
Who conferred these great blessings on me."

— C. J. S.

I know the author. He himself gave me these verses. This young man, full of talent, of ambition,

reaching out eagerly for all that the world offers to the growing soul, finds limitation stamped upon every phase of his outer environment. He is deaf, dumb and blind—yet this is the ideal world he has made for himself. With this example before us what may we do for ourselves?"

ELLEN DYER.

Vineland, N. J.

---

A gay little butterfly rose with the sun,  
"Ha, ha!" said he, "I'll have some fun,  
I will wile away the morning hours  
Flirting with the dear little flowers."

Then merrily he began to sing,  
As he shook the dust from his beautiful wing,  
And washed his face with a dew-drop fair  
That sparkled on a rose-leaf there.

"And now, I am ready to start," said he,  
"I feel as happy as can be,"  
So, away he darted through the air,  
In and among the flowers so rare.

A stately white lily lowered her head,  
And all around her fragrance shed;  
He ventured just to peep in her eye,  
And beat his breast and began to sigh.

But she looked at him with such disdain,  
He dared no longer there remain,  
So he concluded away he would  
And courteously bowing, said, "good-bye."

To the little blue-bells he kisses threw,  
Who laughed and said, "we are ashamed of you,"  
But merrily shook their heads in fun.  
Said he, you are coquettes, every one!"

When he flattered the pansies they opened their eyes,  
And gazed at him with great surprise;  
No matter how subtly he wielded his art,  
He could not win a pansy's heart.

A tiny rosebud grew by the side  
Of her mother rose, that had opened wide;  
He snatched a kiss from the rosebud's cheek,  
And she too frightened was to speak.

The mother would not such insult brook;  
With indignation she fairly shook,  
Till her beautiful petals fell to the ground,  
Scattering their fragrance all around.

And when he saw the mischief he had done,  
He merely said, "I was only in fun;"  
So he spread his wings and away he flew  
To amuse himself in pastures new.

And so he passed the bright sunny hours,  
Visiting numbers of beautiful flowers,  
Admiring the young and flattering the old;  
Some laughed, some cried, some said he was bold.

The sun was sinking in the west,  
"I am tired," said he, "I'll go to rest;  
I'll under the leaf of that holly-bush creep,"  
And very soon he was fast asleep.

—C. J. S.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon manifests his co-operation  
with this publication in the following letter:

ST. CHARLES RECTORY,  
953 W. Twelfth Street, Chicago, Ill.

I have read with a great deal of pleasure "Flashes  
of Light from an Imprisoned Soul" by Mr. Clarence J.  
Selby, and I am happy to know that he has in press  
"Echoes from the Rainbow City." His immense energy,  
perseverance and patience are lessons to all who are  
careless with the gifts, of which he is deprived. I wish  
to be numbered among the subscribers.

Very sincerely,

B. MULDOON.



RT. REV. BISHOP MULDOON



THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN.



LE COUTEULX ST. MARY'S INSTITUTION, BUFFALO, N. Y.,  
For the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes



FATHER PAUL.

Father Paul Ponziglione, assistant pastor of the Holy Family Church, and chaplain at the bridewell, died at the age of 82 years. He had been in Chicago ten years.

Father Ponziglione was a native of Italy, and of a noble family. He is said to have given up the title of count to enter the priesthood. He was the oldest Jesuit in his province, having been a member of that order for sixty-one years. Forty years of his life were spent as missionary among the Osage Indians in Western Kansas. He celebrated his jubilee as a Jesuit in 1887, and as priest two years ago.



Instead of pitying they would envy;  
 Could they those bright visions see—  
 Scenes of wondrous heavenly beauty  
 God so kindly sends to me;  
 And the sounds of sweetest music  
 Ring upon my inward ear;  
 Angel voices, sweet, harmonious,  
 Softly chanting, I can hear.

None can know the peaceful feeling  
 That pervades my inmost breast,  
 Knowing that my Heavenly Father  
 Gives to me what he thinks best.  
 If I had my sight and hearing  
 With earth I might contended be  
 Never thinking of God's heaven  
 And its joys in store for me.

—C. J. S.

Hon. Geo. A. Lewis, of Buffalo, N. Y., writes the following:

MR. J. A. WILLIAMS,

Care of The 'Travelers' Bureau, Chicago.

Dear Sir:—I take the liberty of addressing you a few lines on the subject of the unfortunate deaf mute Clarence J. Selby.

Clarence Selby was educated in the Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes in this city. I am president of the Board of Trustees, and have known Clarence Selby for about eleven years. I have always been filled with amazement and admiration at his mental attainments. I consider that he is the happy possessor of the most refined temperament. His nature has never been soured by his misfortunes, and if I may judge from some of his poems which I have read, his mental gifts are of a very high order. What he says and what he writes is filled with human interest of the most touching character.

Trusting that you may do something to further his literary ambitions, I remain, Very truly yours,

GEO. A. LEWIS.

John Dewey, Ph. D., Head of the Departments of Philosophy and Education in the University of Chicago.

MR J. A. WILLIAMS,

My Dear Sir:—I have met and conversed with Mr. Selby with great pleasure, and have become acquainted with his most interesting work. The cases of Laura Bridgman, Helen Kellar and the more striking instances of the deaf-blind have familiarized the public with the great importance of the scientific and educational questions concerned. But there are other cases, not celebrated, but equally worthy of note for the degree of progress made, considering the opportunities, and equally worthy of encouragement for the force, bravery and intelligence with which this most discouraging situation has been met. Mr. Selby presents such a case.

Respectfully,

JOHN DEWEY.

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## HISTORY OF LE COUTEULX INSTITUTION,

### Where Mr. Selby was Educated.

On September 26, 1853, there was incorporated in the city of Buffalo a society or corporation to be known as the "Le Couteulx St. Mary's Benevolent Society for the Deaf and Dumb," which society was established for benevolent and charitable purposes, and to aid and instruct the deaf and dumb. Rt. Rev. John Timons, pres., Louis Le Couteulx de Caumont, treas., Peter Bede, sec'y; John Walsh, Thomas Dolan, Daniel Vaughn and Edwin Thomas consisted its first board of trustees.

In the year 1857 three Sisters of St. Joseph, who had acquired a knowledge of the sign language and methods of instruction at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Caen, in France, and who were then in St. Louis, Mo., consented to come to Buffalo to take charge of the new

institution. The Bishop, with his indomitable zeal and courage, in the meantime (in 1861) sent one of the sisters, (Sister Mary Anne Burke, the present principal of the institution) to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Philadelphia, to become acquainted with the methods used in that well-known excellent institution.

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MT. ST. JOSEPH ACADEMY,  
November 21, 1901.

MR. J. A. WILLIAMS, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir—I would say that Clarence Selby is, indeed, very bright. I have sent you a copy of our annual report in which you will find a newspaper sketch of him while he was a pupil here. Most of his instruction was given through the manual alphabet, as we had not many books for the blind. He was placed in our school because of his deafness, and no provision was made by the State on account of his being blind, so we did all we could for him under the circumstances. He is very fond of reading and having some one read to him. There are a great many books for the blind in the Chicago public library and he has read them since he left school. You will find him more familiar with current topics than many who have the use of all their senses.

Yours respectfully,

SISTER MARY ANNE BURKE,  
Principal.

## IN MEMORIAM

---

Thou art gone, Father Paul  
They have laid Thee to rest—  
But Thy spirit hath flown  
To the land of the bless'd.

God sent his bright angels  
To bid Thee to come  
To Thy mansion, prepared  
In His beautiful home.

And how much we miss Thee  
None ever can know—  
And the kind words and blessings  
Thou wert wont to bestow.

But we know, Father Paul  
In that bright home above  
Thou rememberest Thy children  
With tenderest love.

Thy footsteps we'll follow,  
'Til from earth-life we are free—  
Then we'll fly to Thy side,  
And dwell ever with Thee.

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Father Paul, of  
the Jesuit Order.

C. J. S.

**"Sketch of Clarence J. Selby,"****By Helen Sherry.**

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Clarence J. Selby was born in England in 1872. When he was three years of age the family, in the hope of bettering their fortune, came to America. In New York state where they settled, the child, bright, happy, and healthy, lived like other children until the age of seven. He had been going to school three months when he was seized with a disease of the eyes and ears, in consequence of which he lost in rapid succession both sight and hearing. Though after this disaster he was still able to communicate his needs and desires by means of the words he remembered from the stock accumulated before his affliction yet he was now utterly unable to understand those about him. This was a grievous circumstance to the child whose mind was unusually alert, and who, to use his own words: "was always craving for knowledge." It proved difficult to satisfy his longing. His parents were unable to help him. Every asylum to which they appealed refused him admission on the ground of their lack of equipment to meet his particular case; for while there were many institutions for the blind, and also many for deaf-mutes, there were as yet none for deaf-mutes that were also blind. At last the good nuns of Le Couteulx at Buffalo who taught the deaf-mutes, consented to see him. After an interview in which they were impressed with his intelligence, they agreed to try him. Sister Dositheus undertook and, for ten years with infinite patience and ingenuity, continued his education. A letter from her to the writer testifies to the remarkable keenness of her pupil's faculties. He had achieved the feat of learning the entire manual alphabet in one day. "We found," writes the sister, "that he learned to read in less time than the majority of the hearing blind. He

was fond of reading and when not in class he would get a boy to read to him. He was always attentive." The good sister concludes with the regret that it should have been the lot of Clarence to lack the educational advantages enjoyed by Helen Keller.

In spite of his limited education, however, Clarence has tasted the visissitudes of authorship. His little verses "MY IDEAL WORLD," and his autobiographic "FLASHES OF LIGHT FROM AN IMPRISONED SOUL," have found their way into many a gracious home where the pleasure their perusal has given is the reward of the benevolence that dictated their purchase. These booklets give evidence at least of unusual intelligence.

Clarence is, above all, a poetic soul—a soul thirsty for the loveliness of the universe to which he feels himself bound. The poetic drift of his mind is also manifested in his fondness for descriptions. These are by no means mere reproductions of what has been communicated to him by others. They seem to me to issue from a soul saturated with impressions at first hand.

His "IMPRESSIONS OF THE RAINBOW CITY" strengthens this conviction. His comparison of the Japanese hat to an inverted bowl show that the picture was actually present to his inner vision. Also the long fiery serpents which shot upwards during the pyrotechnic display at the Pan-American Exposition, were as vividly outlined against the firmament of his mind as they were against the sky of Buffalo. None but the soul of a poet would have been interested in the Japanese dialogue of the "Spirit of the Trees."

Whatever powers the human soul is capable of acquiring when at rest, have doubtless fallen to the lot of Clarence. He asserts that "thought transference is no fad but a reality which can be clearly proven;" that thoughts are distinctly transmitted to him by persons whose natures are perfectly harmonious with his own.

His mother says that at home it is a common occurrence with him to interject a relevant observation into a conversation going on between his parents of which he could not have heard a word. It is not hard to conceive that the isolation of his mind from so many sources should make of it a plate peculiarly adapted to the reception of thought. Music, especially in its livelier measures, gives him real delight. Instead of addressing his auditory nerves his whole nervous system receives the impressions and conveys them to the consciousness where they seem to be interpreted in terms of rhythmic vibrations. When seated by a piano on which some one is performing he holds a hand immediately over the key-board, and the sound seems to travel up along the nerves of the arm to the brain. When the measures are strongly accentuated, as in dance music, he is often powerfully agitated, his body keeping time to the rhythm thus communicated. He leans forward, his face eloquent with concentrated attention and illumined by a smile which attests his rapture.

Neither is he deficient in sense of humor, as witness many instances in his writings. Among which may be especially noted his descriptions of the chicks in the incubator. He calls them "lively little balls" and "as happy a crowd of little orphans as one would wish to see." The hoax of the brick-bats pleases him immensely, and he finds the lions "more gentle and easier to handle from behind." The "voice of the elephant is more loud than harmonious." The shooting of revolvers to cheer up the people seems to cheer him up a bit, too.

From the standpoint of the social sense he seems to me especially gifted; for certainly it would be hard to find a human being more passionately animated with the desire to enter into relations with his fellow-men. In the midst of a company which is a desert solitude to him, until he is approached by some one, it is a pathetic spectacle to see



### My Mother.

Mother, companion, friend and guide,  
I find thee ever at my side,  
To comfort me whate'er betide,  
With words of love and cheer.

Thy brightest thoughts to me  
Thou dost impart—  
Thy sunny nature doth  
Possess the art  
Of shedding sunshine o'er my heart,  
My mother, dear.

—C. J. SELBY.



ELIZA ALLEN STARR

Of her many writings, we may say that her masterpiece was "The Three Keys to the Camera Della Signatura." The keys explain the picture, and this interpretation gives to the world that view and understanding of the great master's work otherwise impossible. The Holy Father was so pleased with this book that a most exquisite medal of The Immaculate Conception was sent to Miss Starr as a token of his appreciation and blessing. This approval of the head of the Church forcibly suggests to us another—a welcome which she won when her pure soul left its earthly tenement; for we seem to hear those cheering words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

him turn his sightless eyes gratefully towards his interlocutor and exchange his expression of blank loneliness for one of exuberant childlike joy. He says he loves to meet his brethren in infirmity for he likes "to compare ideas and studies" with them. He is also of a gallant turn of mind being very fond of the society of ladies as well as an excellent judge of their personal charms. Certain it is that the feelings of sympathy and aversion, of attraction and repulsion arise in him as a result of personal contact through the sense of touch. Little Chiquita, the Cuban midget, was an object of intense interest to him and between the lines we read a shade of regret as he leaves her "to be admired by the gaping throng." Somehow there is born in his soul the feeling that a delicate little woman should not be stared at.

To the man who cannot see his fellow-men nor talk with them nor hear the sound of his mother tongue, the fatherland might well be supposed to represent but a vague conception. Not so to Clarence. A passionate love of the native land he scarcely remembers, is "ineradicably lodged in his throbbing poet-bosom." When his teacher was reading to him the thrilling account of the battle of Bannockburn he startled her by the fierceness of the gesture with which, as soon as he perceived the drift of the narrative, he seized her hand and said: "Don't, don't read any further! It's too horrible!" He could not endure to hear the echoes of British disaster even across a chasm of over five hundred years. To the select band of the virtuous, by divine right, Clarence may well be said to belong. As it would be tiresome to say that he possesses all the virtues in the calendar I will take the liberty of calling the attention of the reader to a little trait of his which has enough, perhaps, of the tincture of vice to lend additional piquancy to his character. Among his accomplishments he is proud to count artificial or acquired speech. When one first meets him it is generally somewhat difficult

to understand him. Those who know him well have learned that it is not tactful to apprise him of this difficulty but, on the contrary, it must be carefully dissimulated. He is in a state of chronic elation as to this attainment and is, in consequence, inordinately sensitive about comments regarding his proficiency in this line. If you are unfortunate enough to say to him that you do not understand him he will answer with something of hauteur: "I speak just like other people."

The reader is now sufficiently prepared to hear that Clarence has an unusually strong religious sense. The maker of the world is to him in a profoundly vital sense the "Father Divine," and it is no perfunctory utterance of empty-sanctimonious habit, but the expression of genuine spiritual aspiration that bursts from him in the form of verse:

"Upward, ever upward,  
Toward the great Unseen."

His happiness—for he is profoundly happy—is simply the fruit of his conviction that it is not for long—that the night, in which his lot is cast, is only the night which, for the Christian, is darkest just before dawn. In short, everything is well done because it is the will of God.

I will close this brief and imperfect outline of his character by calling attention to one of the traits which have most endeared Clarence to me—I refer to his yearning for the opportunity of earning an independent livelihood. He is a man and he would be independent like other men. It was a blow to him to be denied the privilege of learning some trade, as others of his partners in affliction have done. However, he has now hopes that he may yet earn his bread by his pen, and that makes him happy, for he loves to write. However that may be, he has done enough already to earn our plaudits.

HELEN SHERRY.

NIAGARA UNIVERSITY, N. Y.

MR. J. A. WILLIAMS:

Dear Sir—I am acquainted with Mr. C. Selby and his devoted mother, having met them at the Deaf Mute Institute, Buffalo, last summer. I consider the young man's case a very interesting one, and I regard his mental development as quite unique in the history of education. It seems to me that if educational bodies were made acquainted with what he has accomplished in spite of his triple affliction, publications from his pen would meet with generous welcome from those who are interested in the development of the mind's powers.

Yours very truly, L. A. GRACE, C. M.

Sec'y N. U.

Father F. A. Moeller writes as follows:

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir—It gives me much pleasure to hear that you are publishing a new book entitled "Echoes from the Rainbow City," from the pen of Clarence Selby, the phenomenal blind deaf mute. No doubt the book will meet with a large sale, not only on account of its literary merit, but as a benefit to Mr. Selby and his deserving mother.

Yours truly,

F. A. MOELLER, S. J.

It is with much interest I hear of a new publication—a fresh inspiration—from the pen of Clarence Selby. He is to be congratulated upon having had so great an experience at the "Rainbow City," and the readers of his new book—"ECHOES FROM THE RAINBOW CITY"—should seek every opportunity to offer appreciation of his efforts.

I hope his publisher will allow me to be among the first to wish him success. In all truth, I am,

NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH,  
Editor London Daily Mail,  
London, England.

My Dear Clarence Selby—Your mother's letter reached me this morning and I hasten to tell you how very much I am interested in you and your book.

She told me she has been reading an account of our home at St. Peters, in Kent. I write this from a little cottage we have some thirty miles north of London and my wife and a sister have all read your book to-day. I shall mention it in my newspapers, of which I edit several, and will send the Journal to you, and also a book about our Queen, written so that you will be able to read it by passing your finger along the pages. I published it last year. It will take probably thirty days to reach you.

Your afflictions are great, my dear Clarence—forgive my familiarity, but I feel that I know you—yet you can enjoy life far more happily than many who might seem to be less troubled, for you can go about and take interest in people and places, you can read and write and you have a mother who loves you—that I can tell from her letter. It was most kind of her to send me your book.

We were in the U. S. in 1894, and if we ever go to Chicago may we visit you and thank you in person for so charming and interesting a present?

Our address in London is 36 Berkeley Square W. That is where we live in winter.

Your friend,

ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

Shortly before her decease Miss Starr wrote as follows:

It was with delight as well as surprise that I read the pages of the manuscript, which Mr. Selby had printed on his small pin-prick frame. It was a model of neatness and of accuracy as to its mechanical execution, and what vivacity, what a flow of language and still more of ideas! At once I realized what had been the motive of his book, which was to put himself in communication with his fellowmen, by expressing what was in his heart and mind; sentiments, impressions which he had longed in vain to utter in his isolation, until his soul ached for sympathizing listeners.

I realized also, that it was the natural desire to communicate these thoughts and images to those around him—not only to receive from them but to share his own treasures with them—which had given a strange joy and a strange anguish to his isolated, shut-in life.

The manuscript was not only a narrative of a youth deprived of two such sources of knowledge and happiness as sight and hearing, but a psychological revelation of the complex human being.

To suppose that his descriptions of scenes which he had never beheld, are mere reproductions of the descriptions is impossible. There is a freshness of fancy, an incisiveness of detail, a stretch of the imagination, which show that the descriptions given to him by the Sister or his mother, touched a spark within his own mind, lighting up a picture which few would describe so vividly even if blessed with sight.

It is not so much to the compassion of his readers that our young author appeals, as to their sensibility.

It is therefore, not only for the sake of our young author, Clarence Selby, that we desire the success of this little book, but in behalf of all deaf mute, blind children.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Saint Joseph's Cottage, Chicago,  
Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel.



## DEDICATION

To Rev. Mother Mary Anne Burke, and Mother Philip. To sister Isadore Superior. To sisters Dosetheus, Cyril, Emerentia, Alexius, Agnes, Ursula, Gervase and Jerome, and each and all of the kind sisters of the order of St. Joseph, residing at Mount St. Joseph's Academy and at the Le Couteulx St. Mary Institute, Buffalo, I dedicate the following pages as a small token of my appreciation of their kindness shown to me while entertaining me as their guest during the summer months. For it was through their kind invitation I was enabled to pass my vacation in Buffalo, and enjoy the privileges of attending the Pan-American Exposition, which afforded me great pleasure, and I have here endeavored to describe each and every scene as they impressed me while investigating them. Asking that you will accept my humble efforts in the same spirit as they are offered to you, I remain, respectfully, your former pupil,

CLARENCE J. SELBY.



# Echoes From the Rainbow City



## FAIR RAINBOW CITY

(1901, Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y.)

Sparkling with myriads of brilliant lights,  
Thou art like a beauteous scene described  
In the Arabian Nights.  
Thy towers and domes  
Are beautiful to view,  
And softly o'er them  
Doth the searchlight glide  
Of bright electric blue  
Gathered in thy buildings fair  
Are rarest works of art,  
And blending with them all, we see  
Dame Nature plays her part.

All Americas and their products  
Represented here, we see.  
To have the chance to view them all,  
How thankful we should be.  
Among the birds, the beasts, the fish,

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Fruits and flowers,  
With pleasure and profit we may pass  
Many delightful hours.  
Of modern inventions, too,  
By skillful men designed,  
On exhibition here  
Are models of every kind.  
The Army and the Navy  
Also help to fill the bill;  
Brave men of the life-saving crew  
Display their wondrous skill.

Fair Rainbow City!  
All these beauteous scenes  
That now so brightly gleam  
Will disappear—will fade away  
Like some bright radiant dream.  
I see thee and I hear thee not  
With outward eye or ear,  
Yet  
Deep within my heart  
Bright memories of thy loveliness  
Will ever play a part.

C. J. S.

## CHAPTER I

### MY TRIP TO BUFFALO

It was in the month of June that I left Chicago for Buffalo, accompanied by my mother. We traveled by the Nickel-Plate line. To me it was a most delightful journey. We passed through parts of four different states, viz: Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, which gave us a fine opportunity to view and enjoy the ever-changing scenery.

I enjoyed the description given me of the various places through which we passed. We would rush through shady woods of trees of every shade of green, inhaling the balmy fragrance borne to us upon the breeze. Then we would cross a river, slowly winding its way toward the lake, then again would catch a brief glimpse of the lake itself. Sometimes away in some sequestered spot marked by a few white tombstones we saw the last resting-place of some who had done with care and sorrow; fields of golden grain; meadows of green grass with herds of cattle grazing peacefully; peach orchards; vineyards, with well-kept grape arbors; farm houses with neat gardens and well-stocked barns and outbuildings. Here

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and there a small cottage covered with vines added to the rustic beauty of the vast panorama of nature. Sometimes it was a small church; then again, a rustic schoolhouse that met the eye. Often we rushed through a vast space of grounds where wild flowers grew in rich profusion; or passed large ponds of water upon whose bosom the water lilies spread their green leaves and unfolded their waxy petals of snowy white or pink tints; over deep ravines whose steep banks were thickly covered with shrubs and bushes interspersed with clinging vines, while at the bottom a peaceful stream was purling along over the stones.

Many towns and villages were passed, but of them all I think Cleveland is the one most worthy of note. Its lofty bridges suspended in mid-air, its avenues of shady trees, its steep precipices, its lovely cemeteries, its spacious parks and beautiful residences, all combine to make it one of the finest cities.

But time and space will not permit me to mention one-half of the beauties we passed; I will just say that should any of my readers intend at any time to take the trip from Chicago to Buffalo, if they are lovers of the beautiful in nature, let them not fail to travel by the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad, called "The Nickel-Plate Line."

It was evening when we reached Buffalo. So

we took a car and soon arrived at the St. Mary La Contelx Deaf Mute Institute. Here we were most cordially received by the kind sisters, who speedily led us to the dining-room where we partook of a bountiful supper and after a pleasant chat with old friends retired early to rest.

I arose the next morning greatly refreshed after my first night's sleep in the new institution, for when I left Buffalo, some five years ago it was not yet built. This school in which I was educated is situated on Edward street, but the new institution is situated on Main street, near the Academy of Mount St. Joseph. And oh, what a delightful place it is!

The building is a magnificent structure of red brick with stone. It has a spacious piazza in front where the visitors loved to assemble in the evening to watch the first faint glimmering of the electric display; faint at first but gradually growing brighter and brighter until it became a scene of most dazzling splendor. Once seen, never to be forgotten. The interior of the building compares well with the exterior; with its fine reception rooms, grand stairways, spacious halls, and corridors, lofty rooms, so bright and airy, adorned with lovely pictures, painted by a sister who is a beautiful artist.

There is also a handsome library and a fine large hall for entertainments. The scenery at

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the back of the stage represents Sherwood forest, England, and so true to nature is it painted that one can almost feel the cool, leafy shade while gazing upon it; another lovely scene represented on a drop curtain is Glenarm Castle, Ireland, which is also a perfect gem. The ancient castle and the bridge over the river and the people fishing from the bridge are so realistic that all who see it are delighted. The beautiful chapel above the hall is a delightful place to worship in. It contains many lovely memorial windows of stained glass. And a lovely altar. In fact, everything therein is simply grand.

There is also a fine studio in which the pupils who are lovers of art receive instruction and many lovely pictures and drawings are on exhibition there—the work of the pupils, which give great credit to both teacher and pupils.

There is a large, light printing office over which Sister Emerentia presides. In it every week is published "The Leader," a fine magazine with continued stories, gems of poetry, in which the pupils have a space for their little compositions which is called the Pupil's Corner. I always long for "The Leader" to come every week so that my mother can read to me all the news of the institution, for I shall always remain at heart a boy, taking pleasure in the pleasing little pieces written by the boys and girls.

Walter Wheeldon, my old schoolmate and one

of my dearest friends, is a fine printer in "The Leader" office. He was extremely kind to me during my stay. He is a fine, noble-hearted fellow.

There are many lovely class-rooms in which the girls are taught both plain and fancy needlework as well as dressmaking and millinery. They have also a cooking class so that those who wish to learn may become ideal cooks and housekeepers. There is a carpenter shop in which boys can learn the trade; also a tailor's and a shoemaker's shop. My old friend, Mr. Griffin, is the master shoemaker, and he is a jolly old fellow, full of fun.

There are fine recreation rooms. The one for the girls has a piano so that they can enjoy themselves with music and dancing. The boys have a billiard room and a gymnasium, so in the winter all can enjoy themselves in these well-warmed and lighted apartments. The lavatories and bathrooms are all fitted up with every modern convenience.

The whole place is supplied with gas and electric lights. The dormitories are all lofty, light and airy. In fact, everything, both inside and out, is as perfect as it is possible for anything to be.

In front of the building is a lovely green lawn with shady chestnut and other trees, many lovely shrubs, and flowers, which are the joy and delight

of the floral goddess, dear kind Sister Ursula. She is a lover of flowers and birds and they love her, too. I was told that during her absence her little pet birds refused to warble, and the flowers drooped when she was not there to watch over their welfare.

There are all kinds of fruit trees in both garden and orchard. A fine pasture in which several gentle cows delight to graze. There are nice horses in the barn and fowls roam at will around the grounds. There are large separate playgrounds for both boys and girls. In fact, in no other place could they have a lovelier home or better advantages.

I was not long there before I became well acquainted with the grounds and it was a great pleasure to me to wander around at will. How much I enjoyed the pure, clear, cool air, the delightful shade trees and the fragrance of the lovely flowers. Many garden seats were placed beneath the trees and I would often be joined while sitting there by some old or new friend who could talk to me by the manual alphabet, or by the glove made for me by dear kind Sister Dosethus while her pupil. How much I regretted the fact that she was so constantly occupied in the office attending to the many incoming visitors, that she very rarely could find time to converse with me. She is so bright; so quick; so full of valuable information, that to me it is

one of the greatest pleasures in the world to hold a conversation with her.

Sisters Cyril and Alexius both talked to me as often as they had a few minutes to spare and they were both exceedingly kind to me. They did everything that lay in their power to make my stay a pleasant one. And how kind also was Sister Agnes. Whenever her friends came to visit her she would take me to them to enjoy the visit also, and her brother, Mr. John Strauss, and his wife, Mrs. Strauss, and her sisters, Misses Teresa and Frances Strauss, were all exceedingly kind to me. And Sister Isadore, superior, how can I ever repay her for the kindness she bestowed upon me? Heaven will shower blessings upon her I am sure; also her two dear sisters, Mrs. Gernon and Mrs. Murphy, who did so much to assist in selling my little compositions. And I owe many thanks also to that dear kind Sister Emerentia who had them printed for me.

When the convention was held I met many of my friends that I had met at former conventions. It made me feel so happy to meet them and talk over old times with them. I also met several deaf, blind pupils who came there from different schools as the guests of Mr. William Wade, a very kind gentleman, who lives in Oakmount, Pa. It gave me much pleasure to talk with them. One old friend I was especially delighted to meet, Mr. J. Turner, an old minister. He

is over eighty but as bright and jovial as a boy of eighteen. I was also glad to meet Superintendent Jones, of the Columbus, Ohio, school for the deaf. For he kindly entertained me at his home during the convention held there in 1898, of which I will tell you later on.

Tuesday evening, July second, the Sixteenth Triennial Convention of the American Instructors of the Deaf held their opening session in the assembly hall of the institution. The meeting was called to order by the president, Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, of Washington, D. C. The Hon. George A. Lewis, president of the board of directors of the institution, who is a fine orator, welcomed the convening teachers with a hearty welcome in an address that was greatly appreciated by all that heard him. The convention was enjoyed by all that met there and Dr. Gallaudet was re-elected president to the great satisfaction of his many friends. A fine concert was given in the hall of the institute under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Cronyn, in compliment to the convention, which was highly appreciated by all.

TO REV. FATHER GILMORE

Buffalo, N. Y.

Thou Father in wisdom,  
Brother in love,  
God hath endowed thee  
With gifts from above.

Yes—Divine inspiration  
To thee He hath given,  
To show His dear children  
The way unto Heaven.

As a shepherd that watcheth  
His wandering sheep;  
O'er the poor erring ones  
A strict watch ever keep.

Bring back to the fold  
Each dear one that doth stray,  
Place their feet in the track  
Of the straight, narrow way.

For thy zeal in thy work  
And the truth thou dost spread,  
Rich blessings from Heaven  
Shall be showered on thy head.

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And when thy pure earth life  
At length shall be past,  
A crown of bright glory  
Shall await thee at last.

C. J. S.

These lines are respectfully dedicated to the  
Rev. Father in acknowledgment of many favors  
by him conferred upon the Author.

## CHAPTER II

### THE EXPOSITION

How I love to recall the pleasant memories of the past. I shall always feel happy when I think of the Rainbow City and the many things that interested me there.

The chicken incubators pleased me much, for there were many hundreds of dear little chicks that felt like little balls of down. But very lively little balls, for they ran very fast over my hands and arms when I attempted to hold them still. Some were larger, whose little feathers had begun to grow. Dear little things! both fatherless and motherless, yet about as happy a crowd of little orphans as one would wish to find. Some of them would jump or fly to the ground and many of them left their happy homes never to return; for in the building were some monkeys in a cage, and woe be to each little chicken that ventured too near the bars of the cage. The monkeys would put their paws out and catch the poor little unsuspecting victims and quickly end their little lives.

As we were going towards the door my mother saw a cage that was covered, in the front. It had a card upon it which read as follows: "Egyptian

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Red Bats." Of course I wanted to know what they were like, so my mother lifted the curtain and peeped in and what do you think she saw? A little pile of red brickbats. She was almost convulsed with laughter. I asked her why she laughed so and she said, "Sold again." Then she told me and I laughed, too, very heartily. It was a good joke.

We went into a building in which was the reproduction of the new state capitol of Minnesota, made of butter of the highest grade. The more than one thousand pounds required to make it was furnished by the Crescent creamery of St. Paul. The building was five feet four inches tall; eleven feet eight inches long and seven feet through from side to side. It was made in Buffalo by John K. Daniels, a St. Paul sculptor of considerable note. He studied art in St. Paul and has been modeling in butter for years. In building the model Mr. Daniels was compelled to work all the time in a refrigerator room. He was able to work only a few minutes at a time before warming himself, as the cold air of the refrigerator soon chilled him to the bone. This building contained all the latest improved churns, machines for making cheese and all things used in the manufacture of both butter and cheese.

We visited the Canadian building whose front was adorned with lovely vines and flowers. The interior was very prettily arranged. One large

room contained many stuffed animals and birds; also fishes in glass cases. The exhibits of grain and corn were very artistically arranged and the reception rooms contained many handsome pieces of furniture which I examined. They were carved most beautifully. There was also a piano in one of the rooms. All these were of Canadian manufacture.

The Electric Tower is a most beautiful building. It is four hundred and five feet high, with nearly fifty thousand electric lights, which make a magnificent display when lighted up at night. An elevator runs to the top where there is a fine restaurant. There visitors can take their meals and overlook the beautiful grounds at the same time.

The Machinery and Transportation building is a very large structure, five hundred by three hundred and fifty feet. It contained all the latest improved cars and trains, steam and electric locomotives, automobiles, etc. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts building is very fine. In it the products of the mills and factories are exhibited. The department of liberal arts is devoted to architecture, engineering, education and literature.

The Electricity building is very fine and contains many wonderful inventions. Some of its most prominent features are wireless telegraphy, models of "Niagara Falls Power Station" in

operation, telephone display, latest X-ray apparatus, underground and submarine cables; also successful application of cooking by electricity and many other demonstrations.

The Stadium is modeled after the Panathenaic Stadium scooped by Lycurgus out of the banks of Ilissus at Athens, twenty-eight hundred years ago. It contains a quarter-mile racing track and ample space for all popular athletic games, with a seating capacity in the stands of over twenty-two thousand.

The Forestry building is surrounded by log huts. It seems rough and uncouth but it contains many objects of interest and the smell of the wood made me feel as if I were in the midst of a vast forest. There were slabs of wood and portions of beautiful trees, I felt of, which were very large.

I was also interested in examining the stuffed animals that were standing there. I seemed to realize what they appeared like when alive and in their native woods.

The Horticultural building is lovely. It has three divisions of horticulture: Pomology, varieties of fruits; floriculture, varieties of roses and many other flowers, and viticulture, all varieties of vines. I enjoyed the fragrance of the beautiful flowers, and the smell of the fruits was pleasant but aggravating, considering the strict injunction—"Touch not, taste not, handle not."

The United States Government buildings have the finest exhibits of the war, navy, post-office, treasury, agricultural and state departments. The fisheries exhibit is very interesting, the large glass tanks of water are so arranged that the light falls upon them and the pretty fishes can be seen darting about in their natural way. All kinds and all colors of fish are represented here.

The Temple of Music is one of the most beautiful of the exposition buildings. It has a seating capacity of two thousand two hundred and contains one of the largest and finest pipe organs in the United States. It cost fifteen thousand dollars. One Sunday afternoon we attended an organ recital and I could feel the sound vibrate through my frame like loud peals of thunder.

The Ethnology building contains exhibits which relate particularly to the ethnology and archaeology of the western world. The Horticulture, Graphic Arts and Mines building form a semi-circular court. They are connected by conservatories in which are rare exhibits of hot house plants. The United States marines have a model camp east of the Government building; Captain Leonard, commander.

I rode upon the miniature railroad; it is the smallest railroad in the world; I enjoyed it very much. It is a wonderful mechanical arrangement.

In the "Streets of Mexico" is a man who sells candy and, to add to the attractions of his place,

he has purchased two fine Mexican cactus plants. There are four Mexican brothers who play the marimbon. One is named Carlos Oivera. He found a long-missed dainty. He had been casually examining one of the newly-arrived cacti when he discovered in one of the fat leaves a small, dark spot. It was a sign of the "gusano," a delicacy greatly relished by the Mexicans, who rushed from all quarters upon hearing Carlos cry "gusano." He wished then that he had kept silent, but he whipped his knife out of his pocket and before any one could interrupt him had dug out a fat white worm as long as a man's finger. "Bueno! Bueno!" he exclaimed, as he thrust the squirming worm into his mouth. "Bah!" said an American who stood near, making a wry face, "No, señor," said Carlos, in his broken English, "Bueno, very good; nice, clean; taste like butter." Whether it tasted like butter or not Carlos ate it with a relish and was watched with envy by every other Mexican who saw him eat it.

The worm is known as "gusano de magney," and is found in the fat, pithy part of the cactus plant. It is the first one that has been discovered in the cacti of the "Streets of Mexico," and the candy man is afraid now that his valuable plants will be destroyed by the Mexicans searching for more, for if they cut the leaves they will certainly kill the plants.

The wild water sports greatly amuse many peo-

ple, especially the high diving of the elks. The veteran of the herd is called Ringlet. He leads the rest and for ten years Manager Barnes has had him on exhibition. The animals leap from a precipice thirty-five feet high into the lake and seem to enjoy it very much. The manager says in their wild state when pursued by dogs they always seek high lands and nothing seems to please them better than to spring into a lake or river from a precipice and leave the dogs behind. There is among the herd a baby elk purchased from the Buffalo Zoo. He takes his leap with the rest and seems to enjoy it. The manager said he had a funny experience the other evening.

Manager Barnes has a pack of wild boars. They also run and dive, but the platform they leap from is only fifteen feet from the water. They have one runway, the elks another. By some mistake the boars had gone about half way up the elks' runway, and as the people were all in their seats waiting to see the performance and the manager did not want it to lag, he made up his mind the boars should take the high leap. As they are ugly brutes and would attack a man, he took a steel-pointed goad and followed them up the narrow incline. If they turned on him he intended to climb the fence. They looked at him a minute, then dashed on up to the top and took the dive without hesitating a moment.

He said he never saw a prettier dive in his life,

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and the crowd cheered and applauded them loudly. The crowd did not know this novel feat was something not down on the bill, but they enjoyed it immensely.

## GLEN IRIS

Peaceful scenes of beauty,  
Lovely hills and dales,  
Precipices where cascades leap,  
Then ripple through the vales;  
In little streamlets gently flowing  
Softly, peacefully they glide,  
Sweetly murmuring to the flowerets  
That are growing on each side.

Sweet Glen Iris! nature's beauties  
All around thee doth unfold  
And the work of our Creator  
In these scenes we may behold.  
Noble trees of various kinds  
With richest foliage there are seen; —  
And we tread on nature's carpet  
Softest grass of emerald green.

Pretty shrubs and fragrant flowers  
Shed perfumes that fill the air;  
Butterflies and bees are darting  
In and out the blossoms fair;  
And the songbirds sweetly warble  
Grateful songs of joy and praise  
As they perch among the branches  
In the sunlight's brilliant rays.

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Meadows fair, with herds of cattle,  
Fields of richest golden grain;  
Orchard trees with fruit so laden  
They can scarcely bear the strain,  
Sweet Glen Iris, words would fail me  
To describe thee as thou art,  
But the memories of thy beauties  
Are engraved upon my heart.

These lines were written by the Author from the suggestions given by his teacher, Sister Dosetheus, while visiting Glen Iris, a lovely estate in Portage, N. Y. It is owned by the Hon. W. P. Letchworth, to whom these lines are respectfully dedicated,

## CHAPTER III

### "FAIR JAPAN"

To me the "Japanese Village" was very interesting. In it was what they called their "flower park." It had pretty beds of flowers with tiny bamboo fences around them and there was a stream of water running through with a pretty bridge over it. There were arbors with seats in them and they were decorated with Japanese lanterns.

A theater was on one side of the village, and a tea house in which you could obtain a cup of genuine Japanese tea.

A very pretty Japanese house pleased me more than anything else, for it was built and furnished exactly the same as the houses are in Japan. It contained many valuable works of art. One room was devoted to Buddha and in it was a most magnificent shrine, or altar, splendidly carved and had golden statues of Buddha upon it. Their bedroom seemed very strange; the bed was very low, almost to the floor and covered with handsomely embroidered coverings. Instead of a soft downy pillow they have head rests upon which they place their heads to sleep. It seemed to me a strange arrangement but they seem to like it.

The young "Jap" that showed us over the place let me feel a large lamp the stand of which was carved in ebony. It was very tall and around it was a huge dragon. He looked as if in the act of crawling. He was a fierce-looking creature. This work of art, our guide told us, was made in the seventeenth century. He also showed us some beautiful articles of furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and a Japanese suit of armor. I cannot describe half of the lovely things contained in that pretty little house.

But one thing seemed to me very strange; no chairs and tables like we use. The kitchen contained a cook stove which was a strange affair, so low down that a person would have to sit down to cook on it.

They tell me the Japanese place cushions upon the floor and sit upon them with their feet underneath them when they dine. There were many cooking utensils in the kitchen. All were very sweet and clean. The dresses of the people were very fine. The one worn by our guide was of embroidered silk. He seemed to be a refined and intelligent young man.

Two young Japanese people who had never met before until they came to the exposition fell in love at first sight. P. Hirata, a Japanese clerk in one of the booths, is the name of the young man, and Miss O. Kane Sam, a beautiful geisha girl, the name of the young lady. They

had a betrothal ceremony to announce their engagement. This took place upon the stage in "Fair Japan." The young lady appeared in her *uzhikake*, or engagement dress, of bright scarlet with a transparent over-dress of white and gold, one of the most elaborate costumes ever seen in the Japanese village. The young man wore a very handsome blue gown embroidered with gold and white flowers. This was called his *kamishimo*. Several Japanese ladies and gentlemen assisted them in the ceremony which was watched with great interest by many spectators who were visiting the village at that time.

Now although the Japanese men dress in silken garments embroidered, people must not think that they are not brave and athletic, as Walter C. Weed, press agent for "Fair Japan," can tell you. He is the owner of a very spirited saddle horse, but he has little time to ride him. Most of his friends are afraid to mount the steed for fear of being kicked off. But Otto Yamagatsu, one of the men belonging to the village, came to Mr. Weed and said: "Will you lend me your saddle horse some day when you are not going to use him?" "I don't think you can manage him," said he, for he thought Yamagatsu had never ridden anything but a *jinriksha*. But the little "Jap" politely persisted until Mr. Weed told him to come to him the next day and he would see.

Yamagatsu appeared at the appointed time and the horse was brought out. Yamagatsu had scarcely mounted him before he began bucking like a wild-west broncho. Mr. Weed expected to see the little "Jap" go flying through the air. But he was disappointed. He not only clung to the horse but kept his seat in the saddle as firmly and as gracefully as a Mexican vaquero.

After the "Jap" let the horse know he was master, he took a nice long canter and after returning the horse was not nearly so lively. "Where on earth did you learn to ride?" asked Mr. Weed. "Why I served six years in the Imperial Japanese Cavalry," said he. "I was all through the China-Japanese war. The horses we had were mostly American bronchos. Bucking horses are no novelty to me." I do not wonder that Mr. Weed felt surprised, for not many people would imagine that gentle little people like the "Japs" could manage kicking horses. But I know they are a very clever race of people.

I have one very dear friend who is a Japanese professor in the Imperial school, at Tokio, Japan. He both speaks and writes several languages. He has told me much about Japan.

The following is a description of a Japanese society dinner: Upon entering the hall the small servants go down on "all fours" by way of salutation, remove the shoes of the guests and escort them to the dining-room with no chairs or

tables in it but covered with clean white mats. A circle of flat cushions mark the places for the guests to occupy. Each one sitting upon his heels. Then in comes the little musumese, or servants, with the dinner.

First of all they serve tea in tiny, beautiful cups without any handles on them, and confectionery shaped like pretty leaves or pink blossoms which look very artistic. Then before each guest is placed a small lacquered table about a foot high holding several small dishes containing the following articles of diet: A small piece of lobster, half a small bird, two sugar-coated Irish potatoes, a small dark bowl of sauce, some slices of raw fish, some preserved cherries and chestnuts and a bowl of brown soup with pieces of fish floating in it. This the natives eat with chopsticks. Then boiled eel on soy. The rice wine is served in slender, long-necked vases. At a signal the musumese retire to the end of the apartment.

One side of the room the wall slides back and reveals a picturesque group of exquisitely dressed girls. They are the "maikos" or dancing girls and their accompanists, the "geishas." The girls, with their most beautiful fans gently waving as they pose in graceful attitudes, are a very pretty sight. They dance to the music of the instrument called the samisen. After they have danced the screens are drawn and the guests continue their dinner. Other dances follow at inter-

vals until rice is brought in, which is the last course and the dinner is over.

They have some peculiar trees in the village that were brought there from Japan. One tree is a dwarf cedar. Its Japanese name is Chiko Hiba. Of the Nakasui variety which means center. It is a hundred and fifteen years old and comes from the gardens of Forkubei (a florist in Tokio), who got it from the family of a very famous shogun. It is a beautiful little tree, twisted and gnarled but always green and fragrant. Its peculiar qualities arise from the fact that it was a birth tree and when the eldest son of the shogun was born it was started by plucking a twig from the family dwarf tree and setting it in a secluded part of the garden where the Shinto Nasuanai could attend to it.

The Japanese of the village believe that there has come a sudden link of some sort which frees the spirits of the shogun, his son and the Nasuanai who pruned this tree, allowing them to converse with the spirits in the dwarf Chinese juniper tree which stands fifty feet away on a pedestal. The juniper is Ishta Hiba, of the poetical variety. It was three hundred years in the hands of Kadeatani, one of the most powerful families in Dai Nippon, and it, too, passed into the hands of Forkubei. On the tub of this tree is a price mark—one thousand two hundred dollars. This is the reason they say the spirits

converse because they object to be sold to the "onasen" or strangers. The night watchman says he has heard the spirits of the trees talking.

The bazaar-keeper is a true Buddhist and wears a great "Dia Butsu" tattooed on his arm. He says the watchman is an awful "soshi," which means liar. But the watchman only looks sad and watches the trees. Many of the leading people of the village came to the manager asking him that the price marks might be taken off the trees because they believed the story told by the watchman.

It ran thus: "It was not many nights ago that I lay on this board here and smoked and watched the stars, when suddenly I heard a whisper at my elbow saying: 'Beloved! Beloved, has the night more ears than thine?' I knew the old ones were speaking about my poor and unclean presence. Then came these other words from the juniper tree:

" 'Sorrowful ears listen longest,  
Eyes that dread watch without wink.  
Is your thought come to meet us,  
Shall we speak without wait?'

And the cedar whispered:

" 'They are forgetful of their fathers;  
They are more wicked than Ama  
Terasu can bear.  
They would sell us and forget us;  
Plead with your Transhi  
That we be not sold.'

"Then they both sighed and moaned till I crept away; my pipe was cold. Since that night they have talked to each other and we may all die at any time. They have persuaded their Transhis to take them away. They would not have known what those white and black signs were if the manager had not told Mr. Kushibiki one day in Japanese and they heard him."

I thought this was a very strange story when it was told to me and thought it might amuse some of my readers, so I wrote it down.

I was very much amused with their little two-wheeled carriages, or jinrikshas, as they call them; and the "Japs" that draw them wear the funniest shaped hats. They look more like a pudding bowl upside down on their heads than anything else I can compare them to.

There were many beautiful articles for sale in the bazaar, both useful as well as ornamental. I think the "Japs" are very clever at all kinds of fancy work. They have a fine troupe of performing dogs that do many clever tricks, and their theatrical performances are very novel and interesting.

Anyone that goes into their village will feel like lingering there a long time, for everything is so clean, so pretty and tasteful in it that the name, "Fair Japan," is most appropriate. I felt as if I would have liked to have stayed much longer, but night was coming on and I had other places to visit.

The time had come for me to say farewell to my little Japanese friend and guide, who had so kindly given me much pleasing information concerning things I had much wished to know. With a friendly shake of the hand I wished him good-bye, hoping at some time in the near future I might have the pleasure of meeting him again. Turning my back on the Japanese village I walked away, thinking deeply of the many interesting things I had learned that day.

UPON RECEIVING SOME CHOICE  
FLOWERS

Many thanks, dear Miss B—,  
My very kind friend,  
For the beautiful flowers  
Which to me you did send.  
Though their exquisite colors I,  
Of course, could not see,  
My mother most kindly  
Described them to me.  
Dear beautiful flowers,  
I love them so well;  
In my hands to hold,  
Their fragrance to smell.  
In the language of flowers  
I ever can see  
The beautiful emblems  
Presented to me.  
By the Chinese chrysanthemum  
That you kindly sent  
Cheerfulness under adversity  
Is meant.  
The pink one, a sign  
Of true friendship and love,  
The white-pink is talent  
Which I hope to improve.

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In the yellow chrysanthemum  
Slighted love I can see,  
But I am sure that can never  
Be applied unto me.  
The little white rose  
Means I am worthy of you,  
So I know that our friendship  
Will e'er remain true.

C. J. S.

## CHAPTER IV

### "DARKEST AFRICA."

It is said that variety is the spice of life. That is why we have clouds and sunshine, joy and sorrow, the lovely and the unlovely, intermingled. I noticed this fact most particularly after visiting "Fair Japan," where all was lovely. Then entering "Darkest Africa," where the most unlovely were the greatest attractions. I did not feel at all inclined to handle the black dwarfs and pigmies who inhabit this village of "Darkest Africa." The bare description sufficed and in my mind I saw them as described.

According to the native idea the most beautiful girl is the one that is most tattooed. There is one girl that is tattooed around the neck as if it were a necklace and also around her waist as if it were a girdle. She fondly imagines this is very pretty, and is proud of showing herself, which is easy. For the natives wear very little clothing.

They have two kinds of tattooing: That which is put on for the beauty of its design and the other as a mark of identification. Everyone of the two hundred natives in "Darkest Africa" has

the latter. This is a tribal mark, every member of the tribe being similarly marked, and by it any member can be identified, no matter how long he may be away from home and friends. In one of the tribes, which is exhibited here, the mark consists of three little gashes at the bend of the elbow. The members of another tribe are marked on the temple.

It amused me very much to be told what Quango (one of the Loango natives) did. It appears that all the natives in "Darkest Africa" are very much interested in the subject of electricity. A great many of them have quite a large collection of burnt-out incandescent bulbs. These they call "lightning bottles." One night after the gates of the village had been closed for the night, suddenly cries of "Wow! Wow! Wow!" rang out on the night air. The noise came from the theater and a few of the people belonging to the "concession" ran to it as fast as they could.

On the floor of the stage they found Quango writhing and howling, while standing by, petrified with fright, were Oomba, the pigmy, and Agendago, the young chief. "Demons," said Agendago, pointing to the electric switchboard. "Demons," echoed little Oomba. "Quango take hold," said Agendago, meaning that Quango had touched the board with both hands. "He go up," said Oomba, waving his hands upward

expressively, plainly indicating that after Quango had touched the wire and come in contact with the current, he had ascended six or eight feet in the air, the result of the shock.

The current which supplies the village with lights is an alternating one with a voltage of one hundred and four. Quango had attempted to remove one of the switches and in doing so he had touched a positive pole with one hand and a negative one with the other, thus completing the circuit. He had not gotten the first shock, for in his efforts to pull away he had pulled down the handle of the switch and broken the circuit almost as soon as it was formed.

The concessionaires found that Quango, Agendago and Oomba had gone in the theater to steal the switchboard so that they would be able to fill all their lightning bottles and take them back to Darkest Africa." They all thought if they did this they would have a plentiful supply of light when they returned home, where they only have a supply of animal fat to illuminate with.

They are ignorant of the properties or even the nature of the fluid which makes the light in the bulb. They had noticed that before the bulbs give light, the switch must be turned in the theater and they thought the switchboard was the thing used by the white man to put the lightning into the bottles. Quango and his two friends now firmly believe the powerful white man has

behind the switchboard a little demon who does this work for him. They believe that the demon resented the attempted theft of the board and that he wreaked his vengeance upon Quango in a most mysterious and terrible way.

Another thing that amused me was the fact that these people have a great dislike to be photographed. They are under the impression that it will cause them to sicken and die.

One of the men told us that a man came into the village some days ago with a camera intending to get as many pictures of the natives as he could. He succeeded in taking several on the sly and, not contented with those, he very much wished to take the picture of a little black baby, the child of a large, strong native woman. So he set his camera down and went to the woman and offered her several little articles of jewelry that he thought would induce her to talk to him. He admired her baby and asked to be allowed the privilege of carrying it for her, so she let him take it and for about half an hour he walked around with her and carried the baby. Then the photographer thought he saw a favorable opportunity to catch the baby's picture. So he set it down, and just as he was adjusting the camera the woman saw and understood what he was doing. Seizing a cane from the hand of a gentleman standing near she brought it down in full force upon the unlucky would-be photographer, breaking the camera

in halves. The force of her blows brought the man to the ground. She ran and jumped upon him, then upon his camera. The concessionaires had to hold her while the man got up and made his escape out of the village as quickly as possible. The concessionaires hope that, after this, people will leave their cameras outside the village or they are liable to share the same fate.

Manju Jimji, a native that came from Cape Lopez, has very queer ideas of the Fourth of July. The day before the Fourth the natives all came around the concessionaire, Pene, begging him to tell them all about what the holiday was for. Mr. Pene speaks the native dialect fluently and took great pains to explain to the black inhabitants of "Darkest Africa" until he supposed they thoroughly understood it.

Mr. Pene says that all of the natives are inveterate smokers. He says they imagine every thing that is oblong and round is made to smoke. He has seen them try to smoke tallow candles and other cigar-shaped things. But the best joke of all was when Manju Jimji attempted to smoke a fire-cracker. They could not find out who it was that gave it to him. He carried the small red fire-cracker in a fold of his garment for half the day and then seating himself in the shade of a bamboo hut he composed himself for a quiet smoke and lit the red cigar, as he called it. Manju was not injured seriously enough to be

sent to the exposition hospital. But when he got through with the fire-cracker his mouth and lips were painfully blistered and Manju declared the white man's holiday was a creation of the devil.

Some of the natives do beautiful carving in ivory. Two of the most clever artisans in this craft are named Mebili and Maduta. They are Loango boys and come from the French Congo. They have scarcely any tools to work with. Mebili only had a pair of broken shears and with these he, in six weeks, completed a fine design upon an elephant's tusk. He carved upon it forty distinct figures, trees, buildings, animals, utensils, and human beings, and no matter how small they were, each one was perfect in detail. In Africa the tusks are sometimes historical. And in the museum of "Darkest Africa" rhinoceros tusks are shown which tell the matrimonial history of the chiefs who once possessed them.

Polygamy is practiced among the natives in Africa and each time a chief marries again, a figure representing his latest wife is added to the others that are already carved upon the tusk.

These carvings are not for sale; they are only exhibited. Some of the tusks are valued at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. But they prefer to keep them. A tusk carved by Meduta since he came to the exposition has several mid-way scenes carved upon it. Things he never saw

before. One is a man riding in a wheeled chair with a woman walking by his side holding an umbrella. Another is a cowboy in the "Streets of Mexico." He had gone up in the large towers in front of the concession and seen them and faithfully worked and reproduced them upon the tusk.

Many tusks are shown upon which are African scenes. Every one well done and quite as good as carvings by men who have proper tools to work with.

I was highly amused when told of the strange things done by the natives and shall always feel grateful to the concessionaires who were so kind to me and so willing to give me all the information they possibly could.

I suppose if the people there had any idea that I intended to write about them they might have tried to serve me as bad as they did the man with the camera. But seeing that I was a blind man I guess they thought it was impossible for me to know anything about them. But I found out a great deal.

These African people are the most superstitious people I ever heard of and they always blame the poor old devil or some little demon for everything unpleasant that happens. I suppose they think it very convenient to have some one or something to blame for all their mishaps and wrongdoings. I did not feel much inclined to

come in close contact with them. They may be all very nice in their way, but I would not care to associate with them. However, it is very nice that the concessionaires brought them here so that people might have the opportunity to see them and learn of their habits and customs. When they return to Darkest Africa they will have much to tell their fellow men of the wonderful things they saw and heard at the "Great Exposition," and about the white men and the "demons" who assist them in their most wonderful inventions.

## A HUMAN FLOWER

I found a flower, so fair,  
 A pansy blossom rich and rare,  
 But it was in human form  
 So fair, so frail, and yet so strong, so sweet.  
 That form contained a soul  
 Which mine did greet;  
 A soul that has battled many a storm.  
 And when I took her hand in mine  
 I bowed my head, as if before a shrine,  
 For that soul's purity I felt  
 Yes, it was easy to define—  
 That soul was filled with love Divine,  
 Sweet peace within that bosom dwelt.

Like the bright Aster,  
 Which signifies a star,  
 Her eyes so luminous  
 Doth penetrate afar  
 Into the great unseen.  
 There God so kindly  
 Hath to her revealed  
 Glories that are from other eyes concealed.  
 For thou, sweet flower,  
 Thy Father's favored child  
 Hath ever been.

C. J. S.

By him respectfully dedicated to his esteemed  
 friend, Mrs. L. H. P——, who a few months later  
 passed away.

## CHAPTER V

### THE ARCTIC VILLAGE

The Arctic village, which is located among the Midway shows at the Pan-American grounds for the present occasion, is a nice little village, built with some material made to represent snow. It contains three tribes of genuine Arctic natives, showing their manners and customs, their dwellings with their utensils and other articles used by them, also some animals

Within its walls I spent a few happy hours one fine day among the inhabitants of the frozen regions. I was accompanied by my mother and two of my most esteemed friends, Miss C. Bingham and Miss McKee, both of whom are teachers of the deaf.

In this little village I examined nearly everything of interest and was especially pleased with the natives. There were men, women and children. They are short and stout in form, with very dark complexions. They appeared pleasant and very affectionate. From them I learned a little more about Arctic life. Stepping from my little wheel chair I mingled with them.

Here stood a fortune-teller, or what we call an

oracle. It represented the bust of an Indian standing upon a box-like table. We put pieces of pure white paper into an opening in the bust and they were issued forth with writing on them. The oracle informed me that I was much loved by the Great Spirit; that I am deprived of sight and hearing, for some good reason. This information gave me much satisfaction.

Among the children were two nice little girls who clung to me and seemed so friendly. I had to laugh a little for they had on long pants instead of dresses. I met a woman with a baby in her arms. The baby began to cry, for it was afraid of strangers, like most little ones are. The mother put it in the hood of her cloak which hung down like a deep pocket on her back, and I had to laugh again when the little thing stuck its little head and hands out of her pocket.

The garments of the mother were made of fur and she, too, wore pants. Now, when a man wishes to marry a girl he purchases a pair of these fur pants and sends them by a friend to the girl he wishes to propose to. If the girl is inclined to accept him as a lover she takes the pants and puts them on; comes out and shows all her people, so they can tell from that, that she is now engaged to him.

It is a funny custom to give fur pants instead of an engagement ring. But I suppose they prefer the useful to the ornamental, and the

young man thinks he will keep his girl nice and warm. How comical these Arctic natives seemed! They performed many tricks in a little theater and had their aquatic sports in a small artificial lake.

Among the animals that I examined were some seals and some Esquimaux dogs. I felt one fine Siberian dog. Another was a half-breed wolf dog. The Siberian dog was so sweet and refined I felt much affection for him. But I did not like the half-wolf, for he was coarse and smelt too unpleasant, so I condemned him. The other dogs were nice. They galloped around, drawing a long sleigh.

Some of the dwellings were tents made from skins. Their little structures were formed of a kind of white clay to represent snow and looked like little round snow houses with small holes on one side through which to enter. The families have to crawl into their homes on their hands and knees, reminding me of the days when I was a tiny boy when the woodchucks in the woods near my home used to crawl into their holes.

So I said to myself, it is well said, "One half the world does not know how the other half lives." I suppose that there are thousands of people who live in just such places and who, like the wolf and the fox, crawl in and out of their homes.

A much queerer thing attracted my atten-

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tion. It was a dwelling formed out of the skeleton of a huge whale. Its only entrance was at the mouth. Now, we know that some of the inhabitants of the earth can live in caves, in skeletons of huge animals, in the trunks of large trees and in pits or subterranean galleries.

Mr. Tabor, the concessionaire, sent for some seals from Greenland and on the way one of the mother seals died leaving a baby seal. Mr. Tabor did not know what was best to give it to eat. He did not know if cow's milk would be suitable or not, so he sent for Doctor Crandall, of the Park Zoo, to ask his advice on the subject.

The doctor sent for some condensed milk and a baby's nursing bottle. A trial of it was made with such good results that the poor little orphan seal will live.

The Greenland seals are exceedingly rare in captivity. They differ very much from the ordinary, or bay, seal and the common sea-lions. Dr. Crandall is most anxious to secure some of these for the Park Zoo from the concessionaire, and it is probable that Mr. Tabor will present the survivor to the Zoo at the end of the exposition.

One of the natives particularly pleased me. He shook hands with me, then ran off and came back, bringing his wife to me so that I might shake hands with her as well. He put his face lovingly against hers so that I could tell how much he loved her. Again he ran off, and this time he

came back with a photograph button in his hand. It contained the photographs of himself and wife. This he fastened upon my coat, indicating by his manner that he liked me very much, and wished me to keep it. I accepted it with much pleasure and take great pleasure in showing it to my many friends.

The natives are very skillful with a peculiar kind of whip, the handle of which is very short and the lash is several feet in length. We placed pennies on a board and the men stood quite a distance from it. They snapped their whips, and each time one of them would draw a penny towards him with the long lash. It is a clever trick. They danced their native dances and sang their native songs, which are very amusing and peculiar.

They also gave the capture of a seal by a hunter, in pantomime. One man lay on what was supposed to be the ice; dressed in a seal-skin. He represented the seal. The other was the hunter. The seal floundered around on the ice. So did the hunter, who kept rolling nearer and nearer to it all the time. Finally, when near enough he struck it, supposedly killing it. Then he went through the performance of stripping its skin off. The men were excellent actors and played their parts well.

I learned a great deal about the village from my kind friend, Mr. Tabor, the concessionaire,

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and from my friend, Miss Bingham, who so very kindly told me what he said, also what she saw. I shall never forget that day. It was one of the red-letter days in my life.

I felt very highly honored by the kind attention of both Miss Bingham and Miss McKee. Miss McKee would insist upon pushing my wheel chair around while Miss Bingham kindly took my hand as she walked by my side and explained everything to me in such a clear and comprehensive manner that I could see each thing she described to me with my "inner vision." My mother walked behind with Miss McKee holding the umbrella over us.

I guess people thought I must be a very lazy man to allow a young lady to wheel me around instead of my wheeling her.

Mr. Tabor brought several lovely little figures of animals for me to feel of, which had been carved by the natives from the tusks of the walrus. One of them was the perfect figure of a polar bear, one a seal, one a walrus and another a reindeer. They were most beautiful. They felt so smooth, and so perfectly formed. He also showed me a figure of a dog. It felt just the same shape as one of the living dogs there. It is most wonderful how clever those men are at that work, considering what few advantages they have.

They tell me that one of the men has a very strange idea concerning the "Electric Tower."

He thinks the beautiful light is caused by the power of the sun god. He works at night when the rest of the natives are sleeping. He is carving a miniature electric tower and he believes that when he returns to his native land, taking it with him, that the sun god will cause it always to shine, and give him light. Poor fellow! I am sorry that he is so badly mistaken; he will feel so disappointed when he finds it is not so.

I felt sorry to leave the Arctic village, for in it I had been so very kindly treated by all with whom I came in contact. Mr. Tabor was exceedingly kind and from him I obtained much very valuable information. I hope if he attends the exposition to be held in St. Louis that I may again have the pleasure of visiting him.

I like the Esquimaux. They seem so kind and honest. They tell me there is a great deal of difference between the Esquimaux of Labrador and those from Alaska. Some of the Alaskan Esquimaux are cave-dwellers, and each tribe has manners and customs peculiar to itself.

One thing I liked about the natives of the Arctic village, they were particularly clean and neat, for Mr. Tabor had taught them the use of soap and water. It surprised me very much to find them so free from the smell of oil, as I had always supposed that I should find them besmeared with grease all over. But no; they were not at all unpleasant. All were clean, bright and

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happy. It was with much reluctance I bade adieu to the Arctic village and shall ever retain a warm corner in my heart for my Esquimaux friends I met there. I hope that some time in the near future we may again meet and renew our acquaintanceship.

## IN MEMORIAM

(Sacred to the beloved memory of my esteemed friend,  
Miss Eliza Allen Starr.)

Thou beauteous star that o'er us shed  
The purest rays of truth and light,  
By death's dark clouds thou art obscured,  
Thou hast vanished from our sight.

Thy numerous host of friends  
All deeply mourn thy loss.  
But thou art gone to wear the crown,  
Thou hast laid down the cross.

Thy numerous acts of charity,  
Unto thy friends unknown,  
By the recording angel  
Will clearly there be shown.

If each kind act rewarded be  
By a flower pure and fair,  
Myriads of blossoms encircle thee  
With Heav'nly beauties rare.

Our hearts are filled with grief to know  
We'll meet thee here on earth no more.  
But comfort doth these words bestow:  
"Not lost, but gone before."

Yes, we will follow  
And on that glorious morn,  
O'er sin and death triumphant rise,  
And see thee shining purer there  
In that bright realm beyond the skies.

C. J. S.

## CHAPTER VI

### BOSTOCK'S SHOW

Among the many shows on the Midway was the large animal show owned by Mr. Frank Bostock. There were animals large and animals small; also various kinds of serpents and many birds.

Some of the keepers and performers were very kind to me and whenever I visited the show they would conduct me through the spacious building and give me much information concerning the habits of the animals.

One of these men was a Hindoo from Bengal, India, who wore a khaki suit and a red turban upon his head. He took a young animal from its cage and placed it in my arms. This little beast was half lion and half tiger. There were two or three of these animals and one of them was placed in a cage with a white lamb. I felt the lamb's head, upon which little horns had begun to grow. The two little animals laid their heads together and were the greatest friends. How much I wished that I were able to keep them as pets!

We approached Rajah, a large royal Bengal tiger, who was in a double-barred cage. He

looked very graceful, beautiful and innocent, although he was a very ferocious beast and so bloodthirsty I would not dare to enter his den. Rajah once lost half of his tail in a lion's mouth and now he is what I call a bob-tail tiger.

Two of the lion keepers met me and gave me much information about lions. One was a fine strong German called Goliath. The other was Captain Bonivita.

There were, as near as I can remember, about sixty-five lions which appeared on the stage and performed all kinds of tricks, while the keepers were among them cracking their whips. How amusing it was to the spectators to watch them going through their clever performances! They looked so grand and so noble. While I stood before the stage it caused me to go back in my mind to the old Roman coliseum, looking at the gladiatorial combats. The ancient gladiators were very strong, rough fellows. They used to appear in large buildings called amphitheatres, among ferocious beasts that were kept for days without food to make them more fierce when they entered the arena.

But, to go back to my story: After the performance was over Goliath took me by the cage of the largest lion living in captivity. Goliath got him by the side of the cage so that I might be able to see how large his tail was. I seized it in my hands through the iron bars. Lions seem

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dangerous in front, but more gentle and easy to handle from behind.

Two of the strangest creatures there in the building consisted of a species of white bear; and a kind of sloth or what they call a swail. There were several elephants, camels, zebras, quaggas and donkeys. There was a camel which I handled while it was down on its knees chewing its cud.

The keeper in charge of the elephants (a small man like myself), took me among the large beasts. I tried to hold them by their trunks but they were so strong I could not. One was a small elephant and very comical. It kept curling up its little trunk and fanning me with its long fan-like ears when I commenced to rub its face. The keeper had another small one upon whose back a large flat board, covered with red velvet, was placed, and a lion got on the board and sat and rode around the platform as a cat might ride on a mule.

There were a few ostriches. I did not examine them; only their very large eggs. Like a horse, the ostrich can run swiftly and draw a carriage with one or more persons in it.

A boxing kangaroo appeared on the platform and he boxed very cleverly with a man. How funny he looked with the boxing-gloves on, especially when, after each round had been fought, a man sponged him and fanned him with a towel.

There was a Hindoo girl from the east who

danced very gracefully in and out among a number of hissing serpents which she placed around her on the platform. She curled one spotted snake around her head like a turban, another around her neck, still another around her waist, and holding one by the head and tail over her head and in other graceful attitudes, she danced.

In an annex of the building stood a monstrous elephant, called "Jumbo the Second," who was formerly used by the British army, in India, to draw the heavy artillery guns. He was the captain of a large herd of elephants who were trained for that purpose and they told me he was brave and fearless. No matter how fierce the battle was raging he held his position and also held the other elephants in subjection. His ears looked very ragged where they had been shot while in battle. Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria, presented him with a medal and I believe a pension also.

It took many large horses to draw Jumbo in his huge box from the railway to the exposition. After he arrived there and was placed in the annex he happened to hear the female elephant they call "Big Liz," talking to her little son, "Roger." Then Jumbo commenced to sing a song of love to "Big Liz," who kindly responded, but the voices of the elephants were more loud than harmonious.

The keepers thought they would quiet

Jumbo by fixing for him a large tub of some sweet drink, of which he is very fond. They had no sooner placed it within his reach when he furiously stamped his huge foot in it, completely demolishing the tub and spilling its contents over the floor. He picked up the pieces of the tub and threw them right and left at anyone he could see around. He was so furious that they had to send for the native keeper, who was absent, but he came and prepared a huge pill of some drug and gave it to Jumbo. Then Jumbo became still. The keepers called it a case of love at first sight.

Elephants are very strange animals. To me they seem to be the only animals with two tails, a long one in front and a short one behind.

There were many monkeys of different kinds in cages. But the most remarkable one of the monkey tribe was called the missing link. His name was Esau and he did many clever things. He would play the piano, but always insisted upon having on his coat, and a wig that was made for him to wear in imitation of Paderewski, the great pianist, and he would sit at the table and eat and behave like a human being. They had also a monstrous snake, thirty-seven feet in length. This fellow had lain dormant for nine weeks and when he awoke he was very hungry.

Now Mr. Bostock keeps a large box of live rabbits on purpose to feed to the snake. It appears

that among the rabbits was a pet rabbit, owned by little Vera Bostock. Her father, when he went to feed the snake, picked up her pet, not knowing it was hers, and threw it in the snake's cage. Vera gave one scream. She darted into the cage and snatched up her pet just as the snake was preparing to swallow it—but Mr. Snake was so enraged at the thought of losing his breakfast that he buried his fangs in the skirt of the little girl's dress. Her father came quickly and, with a large sharp knife, chopped off the part of the skirt the snake had in his mouth and snatched her out of the cage. When they had asked her if she was not frightened she very coolly said, "No. I did not intend to let that snake eat my rabbit."

A lady came upon the platform with a troupe of trained animals who performed many clever tricks. Among them was a small black bear. He got up on a very large ball, on his four feet, balanced himself by moving his feet and rolling the ball around the platform. He stayed upon the ball, never once falling. There were so many animals and so many clever tricks performed by the people that it would puzzle anyone to remember them all at once.

Having become the possessor of the largest animal in the world, namely, Jumbo, Mr. Bostock wished also to possess the smallest one. So he purchased a very tiny marmoset. Now

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although an elephant is so large, yet he is afraid of a little mouse. When Jumbo saw the tiny marmoset he uttered a dreadful cry of fear. The noise so frightened the poor little animal that it dropped dead instantly. They tell me Mr. Bostock intends to purchase another one. If he does I hope Jumbo will not see it.

I can tell you neither how much I enjoyed visiting the animals nor how much I appreciated the kindness of Mr. Bostock and his trainers and keepers who did all that lay in their power to amuse and interest me each time I went to the show. I hope some day to have the pleasure of meeting them all again.

## AN ECHO

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—This poem was used with the "advanced sheets" of this book which were previously sent out by us. The poem refers to the letters which are in the Introduction of this book.

There are treasures concealed  
In this casket, most rare.  
Handle it daintily,  
Open with care.

Bright, sparkling diamonds  
Whose lustres outshine  
The purest of stones  
Brought from Afric's dark mine.

These words kindly written  
Fill my soul with emotion,  
More precious are they  
Than the pearls of the ocean.

They are Memory's bright jewels,  
And each exquisite thought  
In value is priceless;  
They ne'er can be bought.

C. J. S.

## CHAPTER VII

### CHIQUITA

In one of my visits to the Midway I attended a reception held by Chiquita, the lovely little doll lady. She was the smallest and one of the most charming little ladies I ever met; thirty-one years of age and only twenty-six inches in height.

Her tiny hands, upon which she wore many valuable little rings set with precious stones, were as small as a baby's, and oh! such tiny little feet. How she blushed and hid her little face behind her fan when her manager requested her to show them to me.

She shook hands with me very cordially and kindly gave me her photograph, taken in eight different positions. She also gave me her autograph, which I shall always prize very highly.

Chiquita is a Cuban by birth. Her father owned a large plantation and was quite a wealthy man, previous to the Cuban war, which caused him to have great reverses. It is only since that time his little daughter commenced to travel. She is the only small person in the family. They tell me she has already accumulated quite a little fortune in money besides her valuable jewelry.

She dresses with great taste. Her lovely black hair was arranged in the latest style, and she wore a pretty green silk dress with a white lace overdress and a long train. The dress was fashionably made, with low neck and short sleeves. They told me she toyed with her pretty fan with the ease and grace of a Spanish lady.

After the manager had introduced her and we had had some music, the little lady walked out on the stage and sang a song entitled: "I Don't Know Why I Love You, But I Do, Yes, I Do." They tell me her voice is low and sweet. After singing she danced very gracefully. Then she shook hands with many of the people, myself included.

When traveling in England she had the honor to appear before Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria, who graciously presented her with a tiny watch set with diamonds, one of the smallest as well as one of the most handsome timepieces ever manufactured.

On "Midway Day" of the exposition there was a very large procession in which all the prominent people took part, and Chiquita rode in her tiny carriage drawn by the smallest ponies. She was one of the chief features in the procession. During her ride, in leaning out of the carriage window she had the misfortune to lose her beautiful watch which, of course, grieved her very much. It was advertised in the paper, and, to

her great joy, a lady who refused to give her name, brought it safely to her that same evening.

In addition to her little carriage, or rather, I ought to say, brougham, which is its right name, she has the smallest automobile, also the smallest hansom cab, and a pretty little bicycle, all of which I examined carefully and it gave me great pleasure to be afforded the privilege.

The manager told me that some time ago, at a place they were stopping to give exhibitions, a terrible fire broke out. It was so fierce and burned so quickly that they had no time to save a pair of ponies that Chiquita owned previous to her purchasing the ones she has at the present time. It was a very sad thing for the poor little lady to lose her pretty pets in that terrible manner.

The day that I was examining the little lady's brougham my mother cautioned me not to put my hands inside. I asked her why, and she said: "Because there is a large lizard in there lying on one of the cushioned seats." That amused me very much. I suppose they thought if they kept that reptile there, people would not be so likely to interfere with the vehicle.

The little carriages pleased me because they are so perfect, of the same style, exactly, as the large ones. Even the little lamps were fashioned after the same pattern as the large ones I have examined.

I know Chiquita has had her share of sorrow and trouble, losing so much, but yet she has much to be thankful for. She has perfect health, speech, sight and hearing. Although so small yet she is pretty and has many natural attractions. I think there are many reasons why she should enjoy life and be perfectly happy.

Some years ago I met a small lady that traveled in a show. She was short but not well proportioned like this little lady. She had a large head on a small body. Her arms were short, but her hands were quite large. She was far from being pleasing to look at. She dressed very peculiarly and wore a large amount of jewelry, which was showy but not refined. Not at all like the little Chiquita, who had the most dainty air of refinement, which I so much admire. I think it is lovely when a lady has good taste in dress.

I suppose that when Chiquita has accumulated sufficient money she will retire from her public life. In all probability she will return to Cuba, the land of her birth, where, no doubt, she has many relatives and friends who will be pleased to welcome her and who will try and make her life a happy one. No doubt there are times in the busy life she is leading when she longs for the quiet repose that she can find in no other place but her home.

I would have liked very much to have been able to hold a long conversation with her and to ask

her what her ideas were on different subjects. I think she has a bright mind. But, of course, time would not permit me to remain, for people are constantly coming and going all day, and evening as well.

I am sure when night comes Chiquita must draw a long sigh of relief when the last person departs that she has had to entertain. So I must content myself by picturing her in my mind as I believe her to be—dainty and pretty, small but witty, graceful and airy, like some little fairy.

I can imagine that I see for her a tiny house built to accommodate her, with the tiniest chairs and tables, couches, and all other things in proportion; and her little dining-room, with the daintiest of dishes. I could plan a lovely house for her if I were an architect. I would surround it with the loveliest little lawns and gardens bright with beautiful flowers, and a miniature lake with a tiny boat on it, a nice little barn, and a coach-house to hold her little carriages. Yes, I would build it all so pretty and it would be lovely to see little Chiquita residing in it like a fairy princess.

But I suppose if Chiquita could see what I am writing about her she would make all sorts of fun about me; and I guess my readers will say, What nonsense that fellow has in his head! so I had better stop weaving a romance with little Chiquita as its heroine.

But one thing I am sure of, and that is this: I know that all of my readers who attended the Pan-American Exposition and saw Chiquita, will agree with me in acknowledging her one of the most wonderful little persons they ever met. To those who did not enjoy that privilege I hope sometime and somewhere they will be able to do so. I am sure they will feel the same admiration for her as I felt.

But time is fleeting, and I have other things to tell you. So I must leave the little lady to be admired by the gaping crowds who daily throng the building in which her receptions are held.

I shall always feel grateful to Chiquita's manager for his great kindness and politeness to me. He gave me, through my mother's interpretation, many little facts of interest to me. After he had kindly shown me the different carriages and other things, he shook hands with me, and I wished him good-bye. We then walked along to find something else of interest, of which I will write later on. But no matter what I visit, I shall still retain pleasant thoughts of the wonderful little doll lady, Chiquita

UPWARD

Upward, ever upward,  
My thoughts will daily soar  
Far above the turmoil  
Of earth's busy roar.

Upward, ever upward,  
Toward the great unseen,  
Striving to view the mysteries  
Without a veil between.

Upward, ever upward,  
With a longing eye,  
Striving ever to obtain  
Blessings from on high.

Upward, ever upward,  
Oh, may I ascend  
Until I reach those blissful spheres  
Where time shall know no end.

C. J. S.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A DAY WITH MISS BOYD

One pleasant, sunny morning I started for the Pan-American grounds, accompanied by my friend Miss Hypatia Boyd, a young lady from Milwaukee. When we reached the gate we entered the grounds and marched along through the Midway shows, where I soon found myself in the "Streets of Cairo." There Miss Boyd explained everything to me that she could get her eyes fixed on.

How pleasant it was to feel the sound of the beautiful music and the vibration of the foreign songs, which, although I could not hear, sent a thrill through me as I touched the instruments which were being played.

There were men, women, and children riding about on camels, one of which was named Holy Moses. I do not know that he gained that title from going down upon his knees so often. However, that is what they call him. They told me when the celebrated "saloon smasher," Carrie Nation, visited the Midway, he had the honor of carrying her around upon his back. Whether he esteemed it an honor or not is hard to tell, as he never mentioned the subject to any one.

There were also several donkeys that the chil-

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dren loved to ride. I met some of the Oriental people, and among them were some of the most beautiful girls that eye hath ever seen. The Syrian and the Persian girls are lovely creatures with very beautiful long, curling hair, with red cheeks and beautiful hands. But—alas, they have no wings!

While I was feeling of a camel on its knees it made me think of the great camel Hascar that used to carry the beautiful but fierce Ayesha over the land. She was one of the four wives of Mahomet. Then feeling of a donkey with a boy upon his back made me think of the ancient times we read of in Bible history, when Balaam was riding upon his donkey through a narrow pass. The animal stopped and would go no further, for it saw an angel standing in its path. Balaam was angry with the donkey for stopping. He did not know the reason, for he could not see the angel himself, and when he chastised the poor beast it turned around, opened its mouth and began to speak to him. Then Balaam was afraid, for he knew he had done wrong.

We passed through the Oriental bazaar, where many lovely articles were on exhibition for sale, having been brought from the East. We passed through the Japanese bazaar to the Venetian bazaar in the "Streets of Venice," where I was allowed the privilege of examining all kinds of articles, brought from other countries.

Then we entered the Egyptian house, where a number of beautiful girls were to be seen, or what I call fairies. I shook hands with one of them. She was a fortune-teller. Her garment was long and she had on long strings of beads and much jewelry. I then asked my friend Miss Boyd, "Does this place look like a harem?" She laughed and said, "Not much of a harem, for there is no man in it." So I had to laugh a little, too.

I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed marching around these interesting places.

The orientals in the "Streets of Cairo" were very anxious to attract the attention of visitors. So at intervals they would form a procession in which elephants, camels and donkeys, as well as strangely dressed men, would take a part.

They had a band which was more noisy than musical, and their musical director or leader of the band was a comical fellow. Instead of a baton such as is used by our musical directors, he used a short sword and was dressed in the most fantastic garb. He had on short petticoats that just reached to his knees, but were very light and puffy, just like those worn by the beautiful ballet girls. This fellow twisted and twirled around, flourishing his sword all the while, beating time to the peculiar airs they played. It was a strange scene, and they certainly succeeded in attracting visitors.

Alt Nürnberg is what the German village is called, and there they have the Royal Bavarian Band. They say that the German suppers are unsurpassed by any in the city. One of the greatest treats that can be had is to go there with your friends and eat and listen to the German airs played by the famous band. Outside the gates of the village stands a tall, fine-looking man in the uniform of a German soldier.

In the "Streets of Mexico," Manager McGarvie caters to the tastes of those visitors who enjoy bullfights, and they say that they are as realistic as the ones they have in Spain and Mexico. But as it was impossible for me to follow the motions of the bulls in their battles I passed on.

The Infant Incubator building is a place that the ladies love to visit to see the poor, little, weakly babies in incubators. They tell me they are very successful in raising infants.

Cora Beckwith, the noted lady swimmer, also attracted much attention. A deaf man made me laugh when he asked me if I did not think she was a mermaid or half fish. I told him no; I thought she was a lady, and that he was just telling me a fish tale.

Captain Maitland, of the Bostock show, understands well the peculiarities and characteristics of the wild beasts. He told me that many of them retain their jungle habits, particularly the elephants. He said that Big Liz, the female

elephant who is one of Bostock's greatest attractions, has a son named Roger about eighteen months old. When the crowds have been turned away for the night Big Liz and Roger are taken to their bedchamber in a huge cage, and Big Liz takes the hay provided for that purpose and makes a bed for little Roger, then she covers him thoroughly with sand and stands and keeps guard over him through all the night. This, Captain Maitland says, is a jungle custom religiously adhered to by the female elephants until their young ones are old enough to care for themselves. The Captain says that both feeding and bedding wild animals are a most interesting spectacle.

We passed to the Philippine village, which is a pretty place with its shady walks and comfortable settees where people can rest and watch the manners and customs of the natives, who are always refined, courteous and graceful. They excel in music, which, I am told, they play with such passionate fire that it simply electrifies the listeners. Their playing is entirely unlike that of the Mexicans, who play in a soft, dreamy way.

The water-buffaloes are peculiar animals, and love the water. They told me that one very warm day the man forgot to water the buffaloes, and so at midday they suddenly broke loose and made a wild dash for the gates of the village. Tearing one of the gates off its hinges, they

rushed out and down the Midway, a man riding at full speed after them, and the crowds of people rushing right and left in all directions. The water-buffaloes never stopped until they reached the lake, into which they wildly plunged, and nothing could be seen of them except when they stuck up their noses to breathe.

The Alaskan building is filled with curios from the frozen North, many of them collected by Dick Craine, who is probably the best-known trapper in the world. To his credit is recorded the slaying of the largest polar bear and the largest walrus. These prize animals, stuffed, are on exhibition in the Alaskan building. The bear weighed one thousand six hundred pounds, and the walrus much more. These are only a few of the trophies of the hunting skill of Dick Craine. He is also a clever seal fisher.

This same building contains a miniature mining plant, with both quartz and placer, demonstrating the manner in which gold is taken from the mines.

We passed several other places which time would not permit us to visit, such as the "Ostrich Farm," "Trip to the Moon," "In Dreamland," "Moorish Palace," "National Glass Company," "Aerio Cycle Show," "The House Upside Down," "Cleopatra's Temple," "The Ideal Palace," and many more that I do not remember.

At the tepee of the Sioux Indian girl who does the very marvelous shooting at the Indian Con-

gress, there was great sadness. Wenona is her name. Her handsome diamond-set necklace had been either lost or stolen. She did not miss it until just after the performance was started. She said that just fifteen minutes before the grand entry she remembered well having it, for she and General Manager Cummins were looking at it and talking about its beauty and value. When the whistle sounded for the grand entry she mounted her Indian pony and took her place among the long line of horses, ponies and Indians. No sooner had the grand entry started, when she felt about her neck and the necklace was gone. The "Medicine Man" invoked the Great Spirit above to assist in revealing the possessor of the necklace.

Wenona was about nine years old when she was in London. At that time Wenona was called a phenomenon at rifle shooting, but was not giving public exhibitions. Queen Victoria arranged for a reception to the little Sioux Indian girl at Buckingham Palace, where the child did some marvelous shooting. In commemoration of it, the Queen, to show her royal appreciation of her skill, presented her with the diamond necklace, which she is now grieving over. It contains fifteen diamonds and is worth about eight hundred dollars. I sincerely hope the prayers of the Medicine Man to the Great Spirit will result in its recovery, for I feel truly sorry for poor Wenona.

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Well, as our time was limited we had to tear ourselves away from the many beautiful and truly interesting buildings, villages, and places where we would fain have lingered many hours longer to gain still more information, for both my friend Miss Boyd and myself are ever hungering and thirsting for more knowledge of the world and the many beautiful things it contains. We each realize that the old saying is true: "Knowledge is power." I am sure I want to be powerful. I will always gain all I possibly can.

## A VISIT WITH HELEN KELLER

I enjoyed much, during the convention, to meet and converse with those who have no sight, no hearing, and no speech. I love to compare ideas and studies with them. When I met the celebrated Helen Keller we had a great laugh together when we spoke of Minerva, who sprang full of wisdom from the brains of Jove. We had both read the same books.

## SAFE IN THY HAND

As down life's stream so peacefully I glide  
I fear no ill whatever may betide,  
For Thou art ever by my side,  
    Father Divine.

And as I travel through this beauteous land,  
Guided by Thy Almighty Hand—  
Guarded by a bright angelic band—  
    I know I am Thine.

For the true friends each day I meet,  
Who come so kindly me to greet,  
And loving words to me repeat,  
    I thank Thee, Lord.

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For little acts of tenderness,  
Each kindly wish that they express,  
I pray Thee, Father, them to bless,  
And peace afford.

And when in Thy most wondrous love  
Thou seest fit me to remove  
From earth to Thy bright Heaven above,  
Abide with me.

For I shall see Thee in that Heaven so fair,  
And hear the music, too, so sweetly rare.  
And I shall dwell forever there,  
Dear Lord, with Thee.

C. J. S.

## CHAPTER IX

### ENGINE NO. 24

They had two or three fire engine houses on the grounds, so that when there was an alarm of fire in the buildings the firemen could quickly rush to it and extinguish the blaze.

I visited, one fine morning, Engine No. 24, of which J. E. Donohue is the Captain. He is a fine man of noble appearance. He was exceedingly kind to me. He took me all over the engine house, and showed me the horses that draw the engine and the hose cart. He told his men to hitch up the horses to the engine and let me see how quickly it could be done. I believe it took about forty seconds, and they were ready to rush out. The Captain let me feel the horses' collars, which fasten quickly with a snap, and I found out how to do it, and fastened and unfastened them quickly myself. He showed me his pet horse; he was a very beautiful and wise animal. He let me pet him. The Captain let me examine the hose and showed me how to connect it.

I put on the firemen's helmets to see if they would fit me; one did. I felt their coats and

boots and many other things; also the instrument they give the alarm with. I could soon learn the "alphabet" and use it, as I know one something like it, but the dots are arranged differently. After showing me all these things the Captain sent a man to gather a beautiful bouquet of flowers which he kindly presented to me. I wished him good-bye, thanking him for his kind interest in me, and hope some day to be able to visit him again.

Buffalo has twenty-eight engines, ten hook-and-ladders, twenty-eight hose-carts, three fire-boats, and six chemicals. I know Captain Ford, George Wolf and Isaac Bewley of the fire department, and have met others whose names I did not know. But one thing I do know, that is, they are a very brave crowd of men, and I admire them all for their courage and bravery.



## CHAPTER X

### A DAY WITH WALTER WHELDON

One fine day in August my friend, Mr. Walter Wheldon, took me to the grounds, where we spent many happy hours investigating the various exhibits, or entertainments that were going on. We entered the building to see the chickens being hatched, as I have before mentioned. We went over to the Stadium, where men were performing all sorts of games. Here it reminded me of the ancient times among the Romans while having their public games, and the vestal virgins used to pass along in their consecrated chariots to view the amusing scenes.

Walter saw "Gay," the famous diver; also the diving elks and Bonner, the wise horse. This noble beast could write his own name and what he saw people write. Bonner did this with his mouth instead of his hands. In the Philippine village were to be seen the natives, men, women, and children, also their dwellings, furniture, utensils, and plants, all the same as they use in their native country. The children seemed to like to play with their little boats at the pond.

I felt much interest in the water-buffaloes.

## A DAY WITH WALTER WHELDON    III

They sometimes like to be running upon land. They reminded me of the time when Pharaoh, king of Egypt, saw the seven cows run up out of the water of the River Nile into the green fields. But the king was in bed and dreaming.

My friend took me up to the scenic railway or what is called the "Roller Coaster," and stepping into the little car, we went flying along on the rails. I felt as if I should be hurled in the air, and crushed to the ground. The girls were all laughing and making much noise, like a lot of parrots. Walter sat still in the car like a big fat butcher, but I had to hold on very tightly, for I am so small and not very masculine. Riding on that little train reminded me of the railway constructed by Napoleon Bonaparte through the mountain passes among the Alps in Switzerland.

After leaving the scenic railway, Walter continued to walk about the Midway shows explaining all he could to me. Enormous crowds gathered to listen to the "spielers" and the music. Among the speakers stood a painted man giving a lecture.

He raised a revolver and fired several shots, I suppose, to cheer up the people. Near by was a witch or fortune-teller chattering to the people, and near her a palmist was reading the palms of the people. She said my hands showed signs of longevity. That is to say, I may live more than eighty years.

One man could raise heavy things up from the ground with his teeth, could bite glass and drive nails into a board with his bare hand. This was quite a puzzle to me.

Then I got hold of something that seemed like a mail-box, and dropping pennies in, Walter seized the handle and pulled out a big handful of Spanish seeds or California nuts.

We entered a building in which were all kinds of printing machines—typewriters, type-setting machines, book presses, envelope machines, etc.

In the Temple of Music our beloved ruler, President McKinley, was shot. The Sunday afternoon I spent there, little did I think that so soon that dreadful tragedy would take place.

I sat near the large organ, and while it was playing I fell asleep. I thought I could see Apollo, a beautiful youth with long curling locks, and he was holding a beautiful lyre in his hand.

The face of the female over "Dreamland Gates" seemed to bring before my vision, when described to me, a beautiful fairy-like creature watching over us all when we are sleeping.

At the "Old Plantation" the little colored boys and girls were playing, and the men and women represented the time when they worked on the plantations under the slave holders.

The "Moorish Palace" seemed to me like a dreamy Oriental place, and it reminded me of the old times before the conquest of Granada by the

Spaniards, when the Moors were free and happy in their gorgeous palaces and harems.

As evening was coming on we walked along the Midway, and when near the Japanese village I felt the sound of sweet music vibrate through my frame. It was the Japanese band, and they were having a grand procession in honor of the young Japanese couple who, as I mentioned before, were betrothed.

I enjoyed the vibration of the music very much. Walter gazed with delight at the showy pomp, and we thought how happy those two young sweethearts were. The description of this lovely scene reminded me of Perseus, the young Greek hero known as the "Gorgon Killer." "He found his way to a beautiful palace full of fairies on a high mountain. The bright-eyed beauties were very happy to have him among them. They had been dancing for a thousand years." How much I wished it was my lot to be there! I would be in constant glory. This mountain was the highest in the world. "On its summit stood Atlas, the wonderful giant who holds the heavens and earth apart."

We walked over to a small lake, and standing on its shore Walter told me what a grand sight it was to see the boats gliding along on the water. Then we sat down in a delightful spot to watch the magnificent display of fireworks going up to the sky like long fiery serpents in the dark.

## 114 ECHOES FROM THE RAINBOW CITY

As we sat there my friend Walter told me how sorry he was for me, being blind and unable to see the beautiful display. But I only laughed and told him, "I can see anything I want to with my spiritual eyes, or my inner vision, known to scientific men as the sixth sense. My mind goes all over the world and sees all countries, and I can move quickly about sometimes in the dead of night when all creatures are sleeping, and that is the time I like best to write."

As it was getting late we started back home after having spent a most enjoyable day, thanks to my kind friend Walter.

## FAREWELL

Farewell, Rainbow City!  
One last, fond good-bye  
To thy beautiful tower  
That points to the sky;

To thine exquisite buildings,  
Thy domes and thy towers,  
Thy lakes and lagoons,  
Thy statues and flowers.

I shall never forget thee,  
Thou city most fair,  
Thy fairy-like scenes  
And thy treasures so rare.

And wherever I go  
Of thy glories I'll tell;  
Farewell, Rainbow City,  
One long, last farewell!

C. J. SELBY.

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Dear Mr. Selby,

Please put  
my name down as  
a subscriber for your  
son's book - I am a  
great admirer of his -  
Not only of his mental  
attainments, but of his  
splendid courage to  
be independent, & self  
supporting, in the face

of so many obstacles.  
I wish him great  
success, ~~he~~ certainly de-  
serves it -  
Sincerely yours,  
Edith Ogden Harmon.

Mrs. Carter H. Harmon -

if you care to publish my  
endorsement for May -













